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C7
P5
Quarto

PHOENIX

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COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE
New Rochelle, New York
May, 1975



Ever-Evolving Opus

The exposition begins... adagio.
Simple melody -
Purity of rhythm, meter, and tempo.
Changing to andante; budding curiosity.
Dulcet descant.

Rhythmic ostinatos dissolve into the Unknown.
Tutti in Crescendo
Con fuoco! con amore! con passione!
Development maestro, but mostly Misterioso.
Prestissimo potpourri.

Dissonance digresses as
Consonant chords sound;
Notes of recapitulation continue to pass
And silver-toned harmonies abound.
Mellow minuet.

Alpha-Omega titles this opus:
A host of sonata-allegros;
All a variation of the same,
Yet each unique in timbre.

Mary Fluke

Haiku

Crisp, shorn fields lie as
Dead children
Distantly, a bell calls them to prayer.

Carolyn Drews

Having to Wait

There'll be a time not very distant from today
when
i won't have to say good-bye for a time
when
there won't be differences for the 'time being'
for
there will not be any time 'being'
just
Eternity
An Eternity which will carry us far beyond those hours
that
we thought we would ever be able to transcend
yet
today we get involved with now and we wait
until
tomorrow when we shall be just a little more perfect
just
a little more loving and willing to wait
with
the one we love so much and wish to share this Eternity
with...

Mary Jo Foster

February Robin

No longer proud full breasted robin

Discordant red amidst the cold

unending gray of winter.

The frozen ground no longer

yields to thee,

Dethroned monarch of the February dawn.

Mary Kay Whitehead

Beyond stone-wrought skies,
the building morning
satisfied
my quickened glances
toward the haze,
Peace
has fallen still,
dropping like a veil
on red sunrise.
I may stand
still
at attention
while battalions of green
meet me.
They sway with wind,
these green blades
like stalwart soldiers
before the fall:
I am going beyond this
very hill
Closed by a crust of smoke
to see the return of morning,
or what remains.

Janine E. Hurley

Angling in the Ottauquechee

Pants legs rolled,

the water flowed

I leaped to the middle of the stream

and cast the line,

screaming

chasing the

fleeing

current

In a placid pool the lure dropped,

dazzled

the tiny cautious observer.

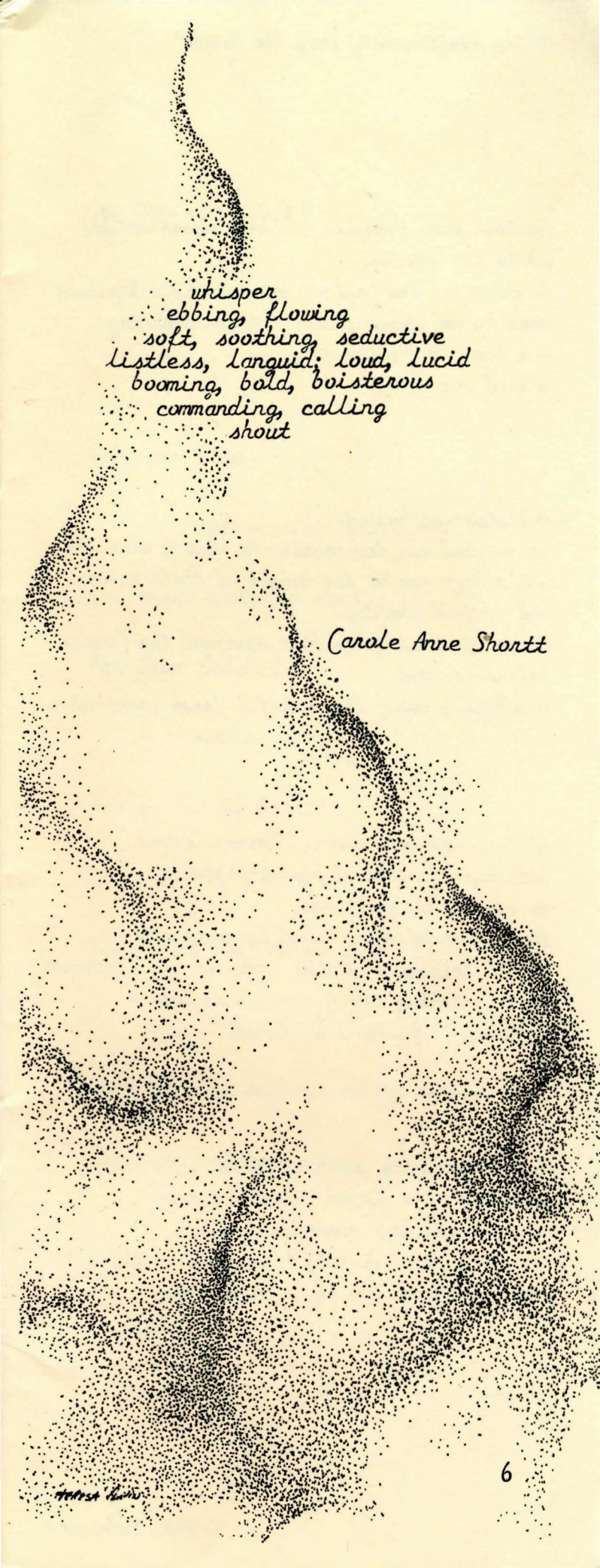
Decoy glittered once

Fins fluttered twice,

and sped,

fled the threat'ning invader.

Karen E. McClinch


whisper
ebbing, flowing
soft, soothing, seductive
listless, languid; loud, lucid
booming, bold, boisterous
commanding, calling
shout
Carole Anne Shortt

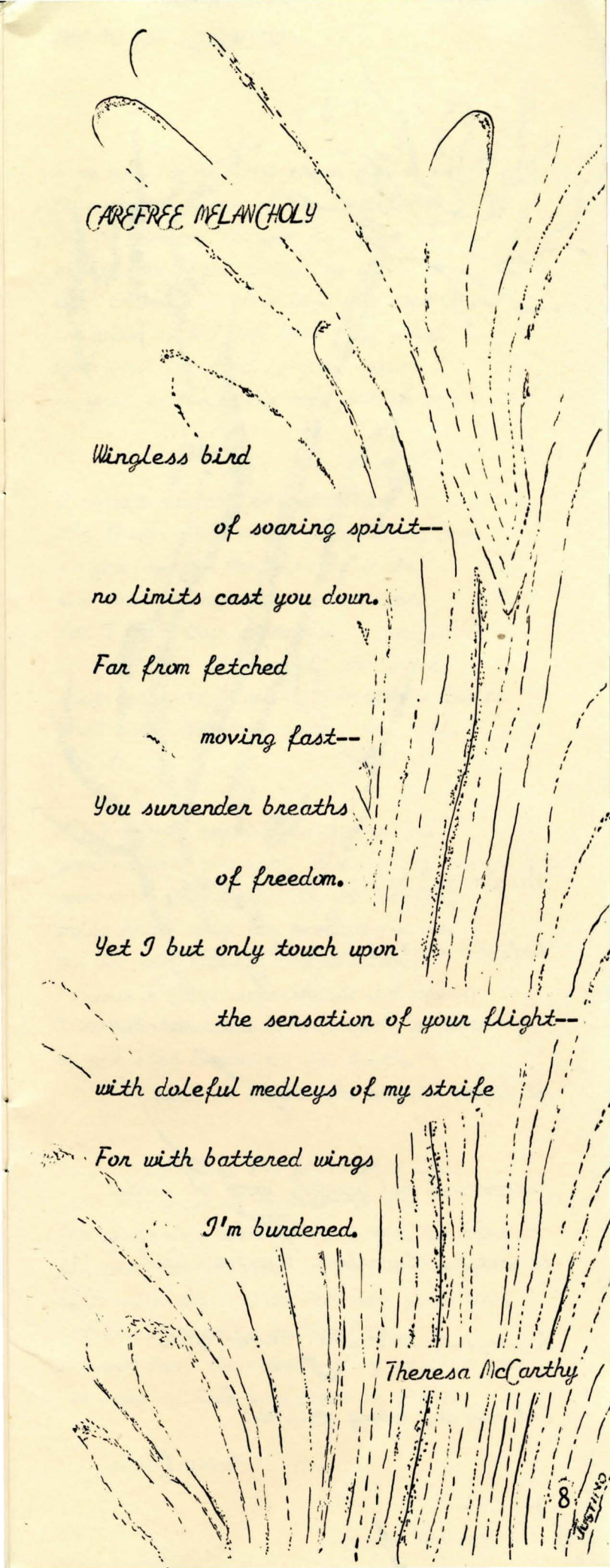
"I was the Dreamer, they the Dream"

Excited with thoughts rushing beyond motion
as to the unknown,
we departed New England one warm Late September
morning and drove south, the sun piercing
our eyes, and glittering,
glared our view.

Anticipation healed,
we reached our destination at midday when the
sun's rays are at the height of their power
and control the day.
Under chestnut trees that surround the Campus,
Friends rested
tranquilly among the peaceful fresh green odor.

Alone I was left amongst barren leaves
with but Thoughts of past experience
to console my emptiness.
With the mind overpowered by curiosity
I took leisure on a curb under an old weathered
maple watching the distant faces walk -
returning a mysterious glance.

As the remaining Greenery flowed into crisp
coloration the closed chestnut cones
ripened: falling, opened -
the trees stood visibly bare awaiting the
rough winds and the light white snow.



CAREFREE MELANCHOLY

Wingless bird
of soaring spirit--
no limits cast you down.
Far from fetched
moving fast--
You surrender breaths
of freedom.
Yet I but only touch upon
the sensation of your flight--
with doleful medleys of my strife
For with battered wings
I'm burdened.

Theresa McCarthy

ODE TO THE FLORENTINE

I am much aware that there are no keys
to open the realm of the centuries.
But my window, clouded as it be,
affords me light enough to see
that throughout your life you were alone
in spite of all the love that shone
upon your face and in your smile,
in your tender words and gentle eyes.

I do not pretend to understand
the force which moved your loving hand
as you painted Mona Lisa's smile
and set that mystery in her eyes.
But I know that somewhere in her face,
in that gaze of serenity and grace,
your own mind, soul, and emotions dwell.
That much, Maestro, even I can tell.

And I do not pretend to comprehend
your science and math, which would always send
your mind into both ease and ecstasy,
while doing only the reverse for me.
But in your numbers and diagrams,
in your endless experiments and plans,
I see the quintessence of man's pursuit
of all that comprises the truth.

If I could cross the years that lie
like the universe beyond the sky,
the centuries between the worlds we know,
the years which never stop, but always go --
if I could cross them and take your hand,
let you show me my native land,
I would feel the warmth of my smiling soul --
for part of life would now be whole.

The Phoenix

Beauty, Truth, and Rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd,
in cinders lie.





from

The Phoenix and the Turtle

William Shakespeare

I am in such need

to be able

finally

to capture some moonshine

and seal it in a jar

to sprinkle on your bed to

finally make you love me

because

finally,

I love you

and I am in such need

to be able

finally

to capture and hold you

in the sacred light

of the moon.

Lisa Cribari

Winterwood

Midst velvet folds of ash gray sky
A dogwood tree is etched in charcoal hues.
A gnarled and broken monument
It stands,
Solitary,
Silent.

A rush of falling snowflakes
Whirl in tempest round its head,
Cling to outstretched arms
Till branches droop like willow reeds
To kiss an alabaster earth.
Fierce, biting cold
Snaps bark grown coarse with age
To scattered ashes, black against the snow.

No spring filled promise this
No rose scarred petals dot each fragile bough
No clover green buds break.

Sole crystal snowflakes silently collect
In last May's robin's
Long forgotten nest.

Marianne Barton

Blueberry castles
below evergreen skies,
those are the colors
of your eyes.

Karen Newell

VENOM

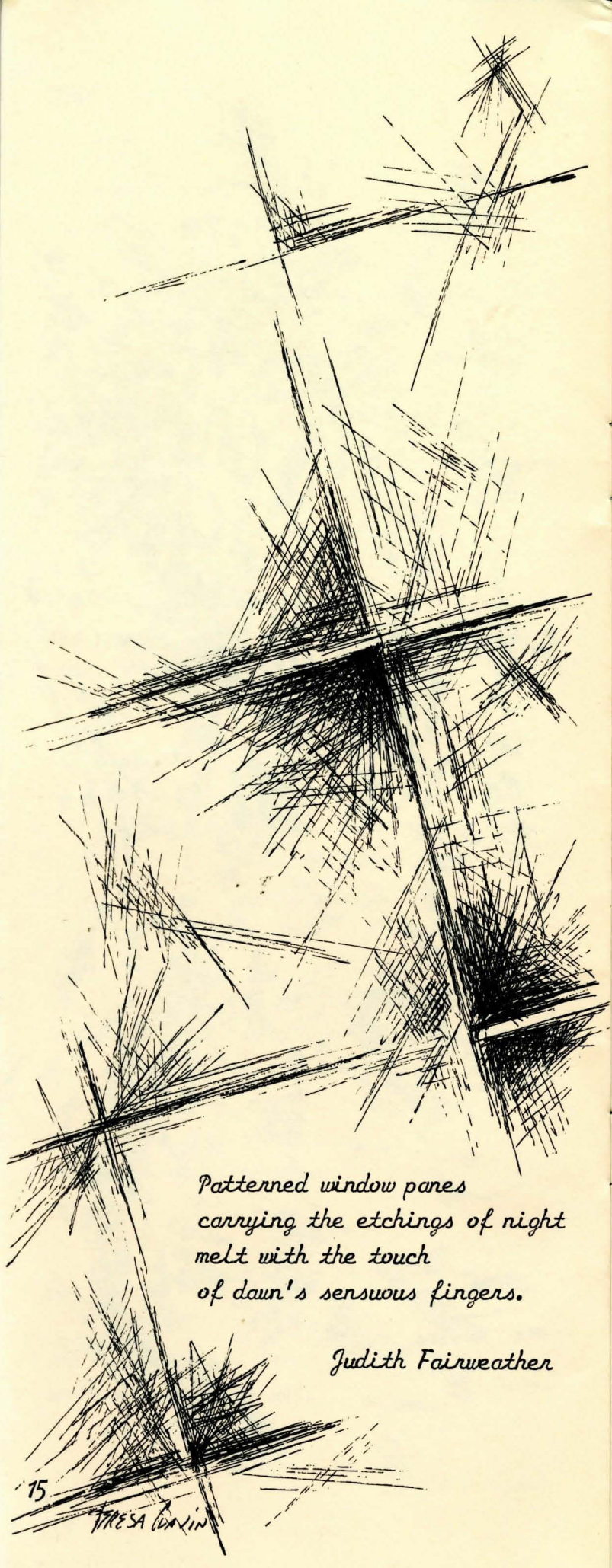
I remember them,
 Black arrows singing past my ears,
Black arrows screaming
as they pierced my burning, shrieking flesh
and made it cry out louder,
 arrows hitting, stinging, imbedding
in my legs, my arms, my breasts,
splitting each eye,
shooting into my brain until all the dreams
 oozed through the holes.
I yelled, cursed and prayed
and was heard;
the arrows dissolved into fine, black dust,
the wounds closed and healed and scarred
while I mothered new dreams.

But the dust
is trapped beneath my scars:
 I feel it boiling now in my blood;
 I feel it pounding, pounding
 in my temples,
pounding in my eyes and in my ears.
Soon the caustic will burn my arteries,
will eat my heart from the inside out,
will finger my brain and lick the lobes
 with its tongue of acid, and as
the soft, convoluted mass dissolves,
the dreams will evaporate
and steam out through my eyes and
my mouth.

But before this happens I will yell
 and curse and pray
and maybe I'll be heard
and the acid again will
 turn to dust...

Carrie Vaccaro





Patterned window panes
carrying the etchings of night
melt with the touch
of dawn's sensuous fingers.

Judith Fairweather

TERESA CLANCY

DUSTY ROAD

Mountains huge and mighty,
Dusty roads, and long
Always stand before me,
The visions of my freedom,
On this long and shadowy shore.

With crimson shades they whisper
to the silk of evening known,
And once again, and once again,
Today is darkness grown.

Simple in its message,
Constant in its rhyme,
I linger in this harmony,
And watch as they entwine.

The mountain still before me,
Though the darkness never told,
My freedom just a vision down
That long, long, winding road.

So, morning in its chatter,
Shall remind me both are there;
For yesterday I saw them,
and dreams are never bare,
of wakening to find them,
Like the mountain, always there.

Leila Luppi

The Staten Island Ferry: still only

ten cents the ride.

I ride the bow, the surging surfboard,

whitewater washing the hull,

and churn by the Statue:

I am not of "your huddled masses," for

The icewater wind roars in my ears till they ring

and combs my hair straight back, then around,

then whipped across my salt-stung face.

I flex my knees and brace myself against the rail,

the tipsy gulls, hanging in the windcurrent,

as the King of the Water

chugs on--the joy ride:

The Only Bargain Left in New York City.

Mary Hilton

FEAR

Holding a balloon and having it
grow and grow
and knowing it's too late to
let go and knowing when it bursts
it will make you deaf.

Laurie J. Stone



The baby

croc

us

pushed its infant head

through a crack in the universe

and strained

up!

to the blue

then shook the dust

off

and sighed.

Loretta Tomasiello



outstretched, her unseen hand beckons to touch

that which she knows needs not her defense

nor silken skin to be of earthly prominence.

but for love: he uncovers her hand to know of such.

and still unsure, she frees certain dreams forasmuch

as the one binding caress in night's dawning influence

that brings to her blue joy yet in reality laments,

for in his eyes: oh why this need to touch?

"as if in this beauty all my life may be freed

still, how pure are our souls, that we do share,

yet may never come to learn of why?"

and tracing her face, marking each line of need

he smiled at their saddened moods to care,

without answers are the questions that make love cry.

Theresa Maier

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